

The Hong Kong Daily Press.

No. 754. 號四百五十七第 日五月二十日巳辛結光

HONGKONG, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1882.

號三十二月二英港香

PRICE \$2 PER MONTH.

SHIPPING.

ARRIVALS.

February 11, HALLOWEEN, British steamer, 227, F. Ashton, Tamsui 6th February, Taiwanfu 8th; Amoy 9th, and Swatow 10th, General—DOUGLAS LAPRAIK & Co.

February 11, BENEDICTA, German schooner, 347, Jensen, Wimpern 10th February, Ballast—WIELER & Co.

February 11, GLENROY, British air, 1,411, J. Wallace, Shanghai 5th February, and Foochow 9th, General—JARDINE, MACLEON & Co.

February 11, AMOT, British steamer, 614, Hermann, Canton 10th February, General—SIEMSEN & Co.

February 11, CARNARVON, American bark, 936, J. C. Collamer, Singapore 5th January, Timber—CAFFAIN.

February 11, THALES, British steamer, 820, T. G. Peacock, Foochow 7th February, Amoy 8th, and Swatow 10th, General—DOUGLAS LAPRAIK & Co.

February 11, CARNARVON, British str., 1,530, W. Patrick, London 22nd December, Penang, and Singapore 2nd February, General—ADAMSON, BELL & Co.

February 11, LUCIA, Brit. br., 640, Crawley, Liverpool 21st October, Coal—ADAMSON, BELL & Co.

February 12, LINDA, British steamer, 620, T. Lewis, Shanghai 8th Feb., Ballast—ARNHOLD, KARBEG & Co.

February 12, NOVA, German steamer, 667, Woelfl, Saigon 3rd Feb., General—ED. SCHELLHAS & Co.

February 12, KELULANG, British steamer, 918, Schulze, Canton 10th Feb., General—BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE.

February 12, CHAMPAIN, French corvette, M. Dubot, Yokohama 1st Feb.

February 12, NINGPO, British str., 761, H. Cass, Shanghai 9th Feb., General—SIEMSEN & Co.

February 12, SUMIDA MARU Japanese str., 890, H. Hubert, Kobe 7th Feb., General—M. B. M. S. Co.

February 12, DARING, British sloop, Elliott, from a cruise.

CLEARANCES.

AT THE HARBOUR MASTER'S OFFICE.

February 11, CORSAIR, British str., for Yokohama.

Glenroy, British str., for London.

Diamante, British str., for Amoy.

Bowen, British str., for Thursday Island.

Ajaz, British str., for Singapore.

Actis, Danish str., for Hoihow.

Amoy, British str., for Shanghai.

Yettung, British str., for Swatow.

Bernard, British ship, for Cebu.

San Francisco, German brig, for Tientsin.

Anjer Head, British str., for San Francisco.

DEPARTURES.

February 11, AYSTER, Dutch steamer for Macao, &c.

February 11, FLX, British gunboat, for a cruise.

February 11, IRON DUKE, British man-of-war, for a cruise.

February 11, CAREYPORT, British man-of-war, for Singapore.

February 11, INCONSTANT, British man-of-war, for Singapore.

February 11, TOUERMALINE, British man-of-war, for Singapore.

February 11, DIAMANTE, British str., for Amoy.

February 12, SAN FRANCISCO, German brig, for Tientsin.

February 12, GLENBOY, British str., for London.

February 12, YOTTUNG, British str., for Swatow.

February 12, NINGPO, British steamer, for Canton.

PASSENGERS.

ARRIVED.

Per Hartong, str., from East Coast—24 Chinese.

Per Glenroy, str., from Shanghai, Mr.—Da Rosa, Mr. C. Duncan, and 5 Chinese deck.

Per Thales, str., from East Coast—Messrs. Von Albrecht, Da Silva, De Figueredo, and Captain Vogt, and 24 Chinese.

Per Carnarvonne, str., from London, Mr.—Mr. and Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Mair, and 3 children, and 150 Chinese from Singapore.

Per Nona, str., from Singapore—16 Chinese.

Per Nono, str., from Shanghai—Messrs. Gould, French, and Schmidt, and 47 Chinese.

REPORTS.

The German steamer Nona reports left Saigon on 3rd February, and had very strong monsoon from leaving port to the Paracels.

The British steamer Ningpo reports left Shanghai on 8th February, and had moderate monsoon from port to port. Fog in Shanghai River.

The Japanese steamer Sumida Maru reports left Kiao on 7th February. First part had strong Westerly winds. Latter part had N.E. monsoon and dull weather.

The British steamer Carnarvonne reports left Shanghai on 22nd December. Experienced rough weather during the greater part of the voyage, especially from Singapore, which was left on the 2nd inst. Very heavy N. and N.E. monsoon until reaching Hongkong.

The British steamer Glenroy reports left Shanghai at noon of the 5th Feb. Experienced moderate N.E. monsoon and fine cloudy weather. From Foochow, Anchored at 2 a.m. of the 7th, and experienced a moderate wind and proceeded towards Poyang Anchorage, anchoring at noon. Experienced fine weather while at Poyang. Left Poyang Anchorage at 11 a.m. of the 9th, experienced thick rainy weather and moderate monsoon from thence to port.

The British steamer Heslop reports left Tamsui on 21st October, and had moderate N.E. monsoon and cloudy weather. From Tamsui to Amoy had N.E. breeze with very high sea. From Amoy to Swatow had moderate N.E. breeze with rain. From Swatow to Hongkong had light variable airs and fine weather. In Tamsui str. Abayi, Amoy str. Well. In Swatow str. Consolation, China, Wenshan, Chieh-o, Thale, and Pekien.

The British steamer Thales reports left Foochow on 7th Feb., and had moderate N.E. monsoon and fine weather. Left Amoy on 8th, had fresh N.E. monsoon and dull cloudy weather. Left Swatow on 10th with light Northwesterly winds and thick rainy weather settling into a moderate one. Reached Foochow on 12th, and had moderate N.E. monsoon and fine weather. In Foochow str. Amoy str. Well. In Swatow str. Consolation, China, Wenshan, Chieh-o, Thale, and Pekien.

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THE "HEAVEN-SENT BARRIER."

A correspondent (says the *Straits Times*) writes us concerning the oft-quoted phrase, "the Heaven-sent Barrier" as applied to the Woosung Bar, which is, at last, to be dredged according to the latest Shanghai paper. This is a very interesting subject, and it is to take the wind considerably out of the sails of those writers and other publicists who have invariably used it for years back in the sense which he conveys. We give his note for what it is worth, and perhaps some of our Chinese Scholars may be able to throw some light upon the subject.

No person who has been for a few years in China can fail to have observed the persistent efforts of certain persons, who are not public speakers here, since a date far back in the annals of our dealing with China, indulged in over the phrase - the "Heaven-sent Barrier" as applied to the Woosung Bar. The idea has been carefully fostered and encouraged by writers without number belonging to that class who can see no cause but one for eternal peace in any thing that bears the name. Of course, no one, that has a Hsiau translation, can be quite fair rendering at all events, of a Chinese expression used by one of China's statesmen in an official communication to describe the Woosung Bar. I could lay my finger in an hour or so on a score of instances where the context favored or compelled the idea in the reader's mind that what the statesman meant was the same English expression with which the same Chinese word would have been used to use the words, "that barrier which we have to thank God for establishing as a protection against the hateful trade with, and the coming and going of, the foreign invader on our shores." Now I am told by a Chinese scholar in whom I have every confidence that the original phrase properly done into English is no more and no less than "the heaven-sent barrier." I have never seen in all my travels in China any one who in China ever said or heard any suggestion of this kind. If this is the truth those who have twisted the words into the misleading expression Heaven-sent Barrier have perpetrated a remarkable piece of untruth, which has been perpetuated by those who have used these words with the intention before or after them that the Chinese authorities regard the Harbor as one of the greatest natural barriers in the world. Unfortunately I am not sufficiently versed in Chinese to deal with the point that has occurred to me; nor am I perfectly informed as to where the word is first to be found. But some of your readers who dabble in these little matters may look up the point and acquaint those interested with the result of his research, through your columns. I trust the question is not without interest. Yours respectfully, - Shanghai.

The Princess of Wales has been through Mr. F. Sykes, of the Foreign Office, to King Edward, several telegrams of herself and her son, and a contribution to a bazaar to be held in Honolulu in aid of the building of the cathedral there.

A rope of unusual size has recently been made for a fleet in New Zealand, where it is to be used in hauling up ships when they run aground on the soft mud bottom there, which they occasionally do. This rope is a 21-inch white Manila rope, 120 fathoms long, and is composed of nine strands of 316 fathoms each. Another rope for the same purpose is a 15-inch hawser of the same material and length, and composed of nine strands, with 164 yards to the strand. The ropes were manufactured by Messrs. Frost Brothers, of Shadwell.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

SATURDAY, 11th February.
EXCHANGE.

On LONDON.—
Bank Bills, on demand..... 384
Bank Bills, at 30 months' sight..... 382
Bank Bills, at 4 months' sight..... 381
Credits, at 4 months' sight..... 380
Documentary Bills, at month's sight..... 380
On PARIS.—
Bank Bills, on demand..... 4.69
Credits, at 4 months' sight..... 4.79
On BOMBAY.—Bank, 3 days' sight..... 250
On CALCUTTA.—Bank, 3 days' sight..... 250
On SHANGHAI.—
Bank, sight..... 724
Private, 30 days' sight..... 734

SHARES.

A fair business has been done in Banks at 120 per cent. premium for cash and 120 per cent. premium for bank of the month; the market closing firm with buyers at 120 per cent. premium for cash. Docks have been done at 50 per cent. premium for cash and end of the month.

Hongkong and Shanghai Bank Shares—120 per cent. premium.
Union Insurance Society of Canton—\$1,800 per share.

China Trade's Insurance Company—Shares—\$1,600 per share.
North China Insurance—Tls. 1,175 per share.
Fuzhou Insurance Association—Tls. 850 per share.

CHINESE INSURANCE COMPANY—\$250 per share.
On The Insurance Company, Limited—Tls. 145 per share.

Canton Insurance Office, Limited—\$80 per share.
Hongkong Fire Insurance Company's Shares—\$97 per share.

China Fire Insurance Company's Shares—\$285 per share.
Hongkong and Whampoa Dock Company's Shares—50 per cent. premium.

Hongkong and Macao Steamship Co.'s Shares—\$23 per share premium.

China Coast Steam Navigation Company—Tls. 100 per cent. nominal.
Hongkong Gas Company's Shares—\$82 per share.

Hongkong Hotel Company's Shares—\$100 per share.
China Sugar Refining Company, Limited—\$172 per share.

China Sugar Refining Company (Debtors)—3 per cent. premium.

Hongkong Ice Company's Shares—\$30 per share.
Hongkong and China Bakery Company, Limited—\$50 per share.

China Imperial Loan of 1874—\$100 Nominal.
China Imperial Loan of 1877—\$107 Nominal.

China Imperial Loan of 1878—2 per cent. premium.

China Imperial Loan of 1881—3 per cent. premium.

HONGKONG TEMPERATURE.

From KIAU FALCONER & CO'S BUREAU, February 11th.

Banister—1.00 10.00 20.00 30.00 40.00

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EXTRACTS.

"THE ROCK" AND ITS CESSION.

(Proprietary of Gibralter, the Army and Navy Gazette.)—The following extract from the Army and Navy Gazette, written some time ago by the late Professor W. J. M. Rankin, when the cession obdured by a gallant admiral and others of "The Rock" was discussed rather warmly—

Where the midland sea and the ocean meet,
Stands a corner of British ground;

There the wild waves dash at a mountain's feet,

With a giant fortress crowed;

The Sphynx casts a jealous eye,

At his feet the sun flag from the summit flies;

For the Dons may come, and the Doms may go,

And town and strait on the shore below;

But they never shall have Gibralter,—No!

They should not keep Gibralter.

The brave old Admiral kept his word,

And the mighty fortress won;

And what to took by the gun and sword,

We have kept by the sword and gun.

The last time when France and Spain

Gaunt Elliot astride four years in vain;

For the Dons might come, and the Doms might go,

And the Don might fight both high and low;

But they should not keep Gibralter.—No!

They never shall have Gibralter.

Oh, never let me speak of yielding back

That gem of Britain's Crown;

Where our fathers planted the Colon Jack,

Shall their children hallow it down?

The strongest fort is just due

To those who can take, and hold it too,

So the Dons may come, and the Doms may go,

And town and strait on the shore below;

But they never shall have Gibralter.—No!

They never shall have Gibralter.

THIRLWALL'S PRECOCITY.

Nothing in Mr. Thirlwall's brilliant life has made a deeper impression than the proofs which he adduced of Macaulay's marvellous precocity. The Letters of Bishop Thirlwall, just published, acquaint us with the fact that one of Macaulay's greatest contemporaries was almost as precocious as himself. The late Bishop of St. David's was taught Latin at three, could read Greek with fluency at four, produced a volume of moral essays and poems at eleven (which his father was foolish enough to publish) and at thirteen was writing letters to all his friends full of literary and political criticism that would have done credit to a grandfather. The effect of some of these prematurely sage thoughts is almost ludicrous, and at times painful. Nothing, in after years, gave the good bishop more pain than to hear any reference made to the volume which the parental virtue of his father had put forth when the poor little fellow was only seven. The wonder is that he grew into the great and massive theologian and historian that he certainly became. Since Butta Two Church of England has not had founder nobler than that of Thirlwall; and will stand out to the future generations as the one man of the first class who occupied a seat on the English episcopal bench in the nineteenth century. Let us have heard a great deal more about Wilberforce and Stanley.—*Literary Notes in Daily Mail*

GAMBLING AT MONTE CARLO.

A correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner* writes—I spent a couple of hours right in going from table to table trying to master the rules of the game, and to study and classify the people who were seated close all round the table, while two or three rows of people had to stand behind them and deposit their stakes over the heads of the others. As to the people who go there, there are too many kinds to enumerate, but I will just mention the common classes. (1) The bourgeois of Nice, &c., who go to win or lose a few pounds, is a recreation once or twice a week. (2) The rich Russians and Poles (more rarely English or German) who are natural-born gamblers, and who stake \$500 or £1,000 at a time. (3) Professional gamblers (of all nations) who have a sort of science acquired by long experience, who play all the year round, never risking much, and who make just enough to live upon. (4) Folks like myself, who go once, just to say they have been. As a rule, most of the players looked anxious, some even miserable, but continual success was preserved by one and all, and no ejaculations were heard. The only sounds were the clash of money and the voices of the croupiers crying as they twirled the ball, "Pains votre jeu, messieurs: nez nez plus; tentez deux pair et passe" &c. It was an extraordinary sight to see the huge chains of gold louis and 5-franc pieces in front of the players. I watched one young lady for half an hour who never staked less than £25 a time, and who was carrying all before her. Whilst I was watching her she made over £200, but I learnt on inquiry that she had lost more than that earlier in the day. Perhaps you have already heard that there are on an average about 14 suicides at Monte Carlo every year. Indeed, the place is quite a scandal, and many wealthy families avoid Nice and the other towns on the Riviera, for fear that their sons may get entangled in this net. I am sure that one night easily win on the whole of Monte Carlo, if one had the courage to keep doubleting the stakes. If so, the answer is that so few people are sufficiently masters of themselves to be content with moderate gains. They lose their heads. The Casino is professedly disengaged by the Prince of Monaco, but it is believed on all hands that the Royal family really live out of the subsidies paid them by the proprietors of the Casino. The Grand Casino is a gorgeous building of white stone, with two beautiful towers, facing the sea, it is draped in fine sarcophagi with white marble balustrades, and all about overhung with palms, acacias, canary myrtles, and all the tropical vegetation of North Africa. Within the Casino are the splendid fittings of the magnificence of which you enter a long gallery of shower stalls, and find yourself in a huge vestibule supported by vast many-coloured marble columns; the floor is an exquisitely mosaic, and all round are placed luxuriant sofae. To this all-are free. On the left are the doors which open into the gaming rooms, and on the right are two doors one opening into a reading room containing every English and continental paper of any note, the other opening into the central and larger room. Every day in the week two hundred cards are given a hand number, about 60 of the best performers anywhere. The best room is 2000 square yards with gold mouldings, frescoed ceiling, and huge mirrors; all the seats are exactly alike, and of multi-coloured velvet. I attended both concerts of Sunday, one at two, the other at eight p.m., and heard some magnificent playing. Fancy all that for nothing. It only shows how the bank must win in order to pay a large sum of artists all the year round, and give all the performances for nothing. In fact, unless one gambles, one cannot spend a penny in the place.

A NOVEL ADVENTURE WITH A CHEETA.

A South Wyndham correspondent informs us that "last Saturday the assistant on an estate here met with either a novel adventure or one of those wily beasts." He was the proud possessor of four extraordinary, hard dogs, said to have been imported from Switzerland, but unfortunately two of them were taken away by a cheeta from his verandah. However, in the hope of saving the remaining two, he directed his boy to put them at night in a special apartment adjoining his sleeping apartment. The boy did so; but, like all the chaps, naturally forgot to close the doors; consequently, at about 12 o'clock, the young gentleman, awoken by an unusual noise, and in the next moment both dogs bounded into his bed room followed by a cheeta. One dog leaped onto his bed and the other was caught by the cheeta in the act of crawling under it. Almost at the same instant the beast vanished through the door with the dog. It all happened so suddenly that the assistant could not realize the fact, and turned round and went off to sleep when the full belief that the loss of the former two valuable dogs was preying upon his mind and that he had been dreaming. The following morning, on the manager entering his room to inquire the cause of his not attending roll-call, he found the assistant fast asleep with the dog beside him, and on being awakened he complained of having had a bad night with a fearful nightmare and wanted to know how many inches of rain had fallen during the night as his room had leaked dreadfully. On examining the nightmare a combination was made of the rooms, when unmistakable proofs were discovered of Mr. Cheetah having paid him a visit. Footprints were distinctly visible all round the spare room, and there was blood by the side of the bed where the dog had been seized. The assistant has now taken the precaution of setting spring traps around his bed room.—*Times of India*.

The brave old Admiral kept his word, And the mighty fortress won; And what to took by the gun and sword, We have kept by the sword and gun. The last time when France and Spain Gaunt Elliot astride four years in vain; For the Dons might come, and the Doms might go, And the Don might fight both high and low; But they should not keep Gibralter.—No! They never shall have Gibralter.

Oh, never let me speak of yielding back That gem of Britain's Crown;

Where our fathers planted the Colon Jack,

Shall their children hallow it down?

The strongest fort is just due

To those who can take, and hold it too,

So the Dons may come, and the Doms may go,

And town and strait on the shore below;

But they never shall have Gibralter.—No!

They never shall have Gibralter.

POETS IN PRIVATE LIFE.

A bard of the period who writes a considerable amount of personal popularity with a very fairly established reputation, and who is about to proceed to America to deliver a series of lectures, recently remarked at dinner, that he would have no chance with the Yankees if it was known that he had been a boarder at school, and had makes like a boarding-school wits. He can talk about medicinal art for hours together. But when he is in society, this is not his *modus*. He affects the ways and the language of precuously erotic infancy. He soldo rises above the commonplace of conventional scanda. Of every braggart origin himself, he has mastered the art in with the fashionable and the grannies of the earth; and if he is seen in London at this period of the year, volunteers the explanation that he is the mere bird of passage, and that he is already overdue at half a dozen country houses. The last one knows of poets of this calibre in their private life, the greater the chance that one will impartially read their public works. World.

SEARCHING FOR THE PIN.

"What's the matter with the baby?" growled Mr. Spookeydyke, as he sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. "Can't you stop this fuss?" "Hum-hum-hum" cooed Mrs. Spookeydyke, dandling the infant. "Don't 'kry, Dad, 'ants to sleep. Baby'll be do'd," Mr. Spookeydyke eyed the proceedings cynically for a moment, and then the baby burst out again. "Dry up!" shouted Mr. Spookeydyke. "There's nothing the matter with you. Why don't you go to sleep like a Christian?" "There, there, there!" crooned Mrs. Spookeydyke. "She's too too weak for saying. Poor little di'lil! Now, go to sleep like a little star!" Whereat the baby howled dimly. "Can't you give her something?" demanded Mr. Spookeydyke. "Can't you do her? She's going to lay awake all night for the fun of apportioning that I am the head of the family. Here, let me take her. I'll fix her," and Mr. Spookeydyke grabbed his offspring, and began to pace the room with it. "Be careful of her, and I'll heat some water and try little peppermint and sugar," and Mrs. Spookeydyke, as she held the infant across his arm and began to undress his clothes, "What's this you've got wrapped around your?" "That's her belly band," don't touch it!" squeaked Mrs. Spookeydyke, waving the cup a foot from the girl just in her trepidation. "Oh, I," retorted Mr. Spookeydyke, fishing out the pin. "What's that other thing, the britching?" Hold on, Cleopatra, he continued, as the bawling young one made a spring. "Do not make the mistake of trying to fool with Spookeydyke," and the fond father groped around for the cause of the disturbance. "Since you've got the rest of the harness on, perhaps you'd better drive this baby with me. And I'll tell you one thing, Mrs. Spookeydyke, this baby's clothes ain't none half aired. No wonder she howls. Cuthees, cuthees, cuthees—too gay!" "What's this you call this riled barrel business?" "What's this great pin doing here under her chest?" Good gracious, that's a safety pin! Let me take it!" said Mr. Spookeydyke. "What's the combination of this racket, anyhow?" demanded Mr. Spookeydyke, tugging at the pin. "Who soldered this thing on? What's it for? Give me the combination, and I'll prick it loose with results he had scarcely contemplated, for it left his baby stitcheless. The startled young one clutched and was quiet for a moment. "Told you so," said Mr. Spookeydyke, with an air of triumph. "It only needs a little common sense to care for a baby." But at that instant the infant turned up again with redoubled vigour. "Let me take her, pleaded Mrs. Spookeydyke, "she'll freeze to death?" "Let her freeze!" roared Mr. Spookeydyke. "If the sneasy baby is going to have her way about howling, she's going to have it about freezing. Cuthees, cuthees, cuthees! Dry up, will you?" and Mr. Spookeydyke set his teeth and pranced around, all of which extricated the most frightful row from his infant. "She wants medicine, and I've got it ready for her," mid Mrs. Spookeydyke. "Come to mamma, now, what a little deaf! Come to mamma, and be comforted," and as she took the child she cried away into sobs and were buried in sniffs. "I know I could quiet her," said Mr. Spookeydyke, as he tucked the baby. "You don't know anything about children, or you never would have put that tin anchor in her clothes. That was what ailed her." "It wasn't either," snapped Mrs. Spookeydyke. "She's got the colic, little dear, and you almost killed her." "Any way, she stopped her howling," reported Mr. Spookeydyke, "and she howled because you wanted her to stand in the shaft all night. Another time you know enough to unblock the young tube before you put her in the stall!" Mrs. Spookeydyke made no response, but, laden in peppermint, qualified with a little water and sugar. Then she carefully dressed the compact little figure, the urban and genial bearing, the well-made clothes and that this gentleman, who is as far a dandy as a sensible man can be, is the author of poems, some of which have given universal and unrivaled pleasure, but others of which will be as unintelligible to future generations of commentators as the most ignorantly corrupt passage in the choruses of his own *Asphyxylus*. He is well-nigh a septuagenarian, but time has dealt very gently with him, and neither though nor trouble have quenched the happy buoyancy of his temperament. He is one of the best and sprightliest of our latter-day aesthetes. He might be frosty talk, a diplomatist, who had seen all the countries of the world and the glories of them; a traveller who was not always wanting to kill something; or a gentleman of independent fortune and no pursuits in particular. No poet in private life, it may be safely said, ever showed to greater advantage than the masculine genius who has pondered more deeply than all but a very few people now living, the problems of existence.

There is no doubt that the social deportment of the illustrations man just described is the model which the smaller poets of the

period have generally set themselves to copy. The leader of the aesthetic school, who is supposed to live upon a diet of water-lilies and blue chin, may have his attractions, but is in reality a shrewd, clever, entertaining, and sensible gentleman. Another poet—an elderly youth, who still likes to sport himself as a boy, and who is, as a matter of fact, drawing on to the fifties, who took the whole reading public by storm some seventeen years since; and whose powers have since steadily declined—is in private life not exactly the person whom his admirers wish. He is extremely egotistical, and inclined to put himself at night in a special apartment adjoining his sleeping apartment. The boy does so; but, like all the chaps, naturally forgot to close the doors; consequently, at about 12 o'clock, the young gentleman, awoken by an unusual noise, and in the next moment both dogs bounded into his bed room followed by a cheeta. One dog leaped onto his bed and the other was caught by the cheeta in the act of crawling under it. Almost at the same instant the beast vanished through the door with the dog. It all happened so suddenly that the assistant could not realize the fact, and turned round and went off to sleep when the full belief that the loss of the former two valuable dogs was preying upon his mind and that he had been dreaming. The following morning, on the manager entering his room to inquire the cause of his not attending roll-call, he found the assistant fast asleep with the dog beside him, and on being awakened he complained of having had a bad night with a fearful nightmare and wanted to know how many inches of rain had fallen during the night as his room had leaked dreadfully. On examining the nightmare a combination was made of the rooms, when unmistakable proofs were discovered of Mr. Cheetah having paid him a visit. Footprints were distinctly visible all round the spare room, and there was blood by the side of the bed where the dog had been seized. The assistant has now taken the precaution of setting spring traps around his bed room.—*Times of India*.

THE DAILY PRESS, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1882.

HONGKONG MARKETS.

AS REPORTED BY GUINNESS ON THE 13TH FEB. 1882.

COTTON GOODS.

American Drills, 100 yards per piece.....\$2.95 to \$4.10

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Cotton Yarn, No. 32 to 40, per 100 lbs.....\$98.63 to \$93.00

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